

## CURIOUS MATTERS.

January 1862



## SUMMER DAYS.

What an indescribably beautiful thing is a summer day! I do not mean merely the hours as they pass over; the lone light; the sun going up and going down; but all that one associates with summer days, spent in sweet rural scenes. There is great variety in summer days. There is the warm, bright, still summer day, when everything seems asleep, and the topmost branches of the tall trees do not stir in the azure air. There is the breezy summer day, when warm breaths wave these topmost branches gently to and fro, and you stand and look at them; when sportive winds bend the green corn as they swiftly sweep over it; when the shadows of the clouds pass slowly along the hills. Even the rainy day, if it come with soft, summer-like rain, is beautiful. People in town are apt to think of rain as a mere nuisance; the chief good it does there is to water the streets more generally and thoroughly than usual; a rainy day in town is equivalent to a bad day; but in the country, if you possess even the smallest portion of the earth,

you learn to rejoice in the rain. You go out in it; you walk about and enjoy the sight of the grass momentarily growing greener; of the trees looking refreshed, and the evergreens gleaming, the gravel walks so free from dust, and the roads watered so as to render them beautifully compact, but not at all sloppy or muddy; summer rain never renders well-made country roads sloppy or muddy. There is a pleasure in thinking that you have got far ahead of man or machine; and you heartily despise a watering cart, while enjoying a soft summer shower. And after the shower is over, what fragrance is diffused through the country air; every tree and shrub has an odor which a summer shower brings out, and which senses trained to perception will see.—

### Recreations of a Country Parson.

#### VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL KINGDOM.

There is a ceaseless round of force mutation throughout nature, each one generating or changing into the other. So that force which enters the plant as heat and light, etc., is stored up in its tissues, making them organic. This force, transferred from the plant to the animal in digestion, is given out by its muscles in their decomposition, and produces motion, or by its nerves, and constitutes nervous force—force stored up in the body—resistance to chemical affinity; this force produced directly from the solar rays. The solar rays cause those operations in the vegetable world, by which trees and plants absorb the carbonic acid gas which is expired from the lungs of animals, and by which those very plants also inhale pure oxygen gas during light, to revive the contaminated atmosphere and supply the lungs of man with the breath of life. Trees and plants are essential to the health of the animal creation, and there is a mutual relationship between the two kingdoms. Respecting these beautiful and mysterious operations of nature, a distinguished writer has given the following literary gem:

The carbonic acid gas with which our breathing fills the air, to-morrow will be speeding north and south, striving to make the tour of the world. The date trees

that grow round the fountains of the Nile will drink it in with their leaves; the cedar of Lebanon will take hold of it to add to its stature; the cocoa nuts of Tahiti will grow riper on it; and the palms and bananas of Japan change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us a short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon; the giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contribute to it, the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon trees of Ceylon, and forests older than the Flood, buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon. The rain which we see descending was thawed for us out of icebergs which have watched the polar star for ages, and lotus lilies sacked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapor, the snows that are lying at the top of our hills. Thus we see that the two great kingdoms of nature are made to co-operate in the execution of the same design, each ministering to the other, and preserving that due balance in the constitution of the atmosphere which adapts it to the welfare and activity of every order of things, and which would soon be destroyed were the operations of any one of them to be suspended. And yet man, in his ignorance and his thirst for worldly gain, has done his utmost to destroy this beautiful and harmonious plan. It was evidently the intention of the Creator that animal and vegetable life should everywhere exist together, so that the baneful influence which the former is constantly exercising upon the air, whose purity is so essential to its maintenance, should be counteracted by the latter.—

Cornhill Magazine.

## ARTS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

Did the ancients know anything about glass? It was supposed by many that they did not; and a work was written to show that they were not acquainted with its manufacture—when a chamber in the ruins of Pompeii was broken into and found to be full of glass of all kinds, qualities and colors.

In an article on the subject, Dr. Lardner undertook to show that it was impossible for a steamer to cross the Atlantic; and during the same month that the article was published a steamer crossed from Europe to America. There is in the British Museum a vase brought from Rome, which has been satisfactorily

proved to be Egyptian glass, manufactured thousands of years since. The ancients were enabled to manufacture glass of an elastic nature! An instance is on record where a goblet was thrown and damaged, or bent in, and again restored. Wilkinson brought from Egypt a tube glass, in the centre of which was a small duck of purple color, and perfect in its finish and f its feathers. It was covered over with white or transparent glnwi, and annealed. The windows of the ancient cathedrals in Europe, ninety feet high, were ornamented with rich colors, on the glass, representing a prophet or an apostle, etc.; and where repairs have been made with the best stained glass of modern times, quite a contrast in the qualities of the colors was clearly manifest. Did the ancients know the use of the telescope? Sir William Drummond contends that they did. At Carthage, the historian tells us, they had shipseers, with which they could see their ships a hundred miles off. This was the spyglass. In the theatres at Rome the gladiators fought in the centre of an arena of great breadth. At one extremity of this, separated far from the scenes in the centre of the building, was the emperor's box, where Nero sat, and eyed through a ring the feats of the stage. Here was the opera-glass. In the museums of the old world are curiosities and objects of antiquity, manufactured in the times of Julius Caesar, so minute that a microscope is always handed to the visitors by which to examine them. There must have been microscopes or magnifying glasses used to assist the artists in manufacturing these miniature objects. Drummond is right in attributing to the ancients this knowledge of the power of glass.—

Phillips.

#### A RUSSIAN WOMAN SHOW.

A St. Petersburg correspondent gives the following as one of the peculiarities of northern life. The scene is laid in the "Summer Garden," one of the pleasantest places of popular resort in that city, on Whitsunday afternoon—a festival "observed with scrupulous care," when "it is the custom to decorate the dwelling, boats, rafts, carriages, and church doors, with branches of linden," and

when in the old times the " Wife Show" was the great feature of the occasion: The Wife Show is now the last lingering relic of what was once a popular national custom. Here the sons and daughters of tradesmen were wont to assemble, to select their partners for life.

The girls would come decked out in all the ornaments the family could raise, and sometimes carrying in their hands a bunch of silver teaspoons; or playing with a huge silver ladle as if it were a fan; while the young men, also appenring to the best advantage, would stroll by them, and on seeing any young lady who particularly struck their fancy, would politely inquire about her dower from her parents, who invariably accompanied the blushing damsels.

The custom so far exists in the present day that, had I been matrimonially disposed, I might have selected a wife without even the trouble of advertising, to say nothing of saving the time which the more conventional customs of my native land deem requisite for a courtship. Here comes a group attracting more than ordinary attention. They are candidates for matrimony—two young sisters, apparently about eighteen years of age. They are rather pretty, and quite elegantly dressed in light colors, and wearing the little jaunty hats and feathers. Behind them come their parents and an old woman plainly attired, but after all one of the most important members of the family.

If a young man is taken with the appearance of the candidates he will give the old lady's shawl a gentle pull, and they will together step on one side and avoid the crowd by turning into one of the side walks. A conversation something like the following will ensue, it being, of course, understood by the parties that the young bachelor is wife-hunting:

Old Woman—Well, sir. what is your name?

Young Man—Ivan Petrovitch, little mother.

O. W.—Where do you live?

Y. M.—In Gargarroviteh Street, No. 6.

O. W.—You are well off?

Y. M.—Yes; I get so many rubles from my little store in Gostinnor Diver, and have

so much laid up. What's the name of the young lady — the one at the right, little mother?

O. W.—You're not the first that has asked me that, for a finer young woman has not been on the Summer Garden for many a sphingster. Her name it Ekatarina, and her dower is so many rubles.

After some further cross-questioning the parties separate. In the evening the old woman states to the parents the various propositions she has received, and to the one who has the largest income a note is sent. If all his statements are found correct the thing is considered settled, and Ekatarina is married to Ivan with little more ado. She never thinks of objecting, and neither bride nor bridegroom has any idea of wasting time in courting. But this custom is fast falling into desuetude, and this year not more than half-a-dozen candidates for matrimony presented themselves at the Summer Garden Wife Show for 1861. Two or three years more, and the custom will be a tradition of the past.—

American Gent's Newspaper.

## STREETS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The public thoroughfares of the metropolis were unpaved, and were little better than the country lanes; the inhabitants, and even the butchers, threw the offal into the streets, and swine revelled unmolested in the gutters. In Paris a French prince of the royal blood was killed by a fall from his horse in consequence of a sow running between his animal's legs. An order was issued to prohibit them from wallowing in the muddy streets; but the order, it is said, excited the anger of the monks of the abbey of St. Anthony, who from time immemorial had enjoyed the privilege of turning their swine into the public thoroughfares. The monks urged their plea with such pertinacity that it was found necessary to grant them an exclusive right of sending their pigs about town without molestation, only requiring that the holy fathers should turn them out with bells hung round their necks. The swinish multitude grew fat upon the filth, and formed, with the kites, crows, and other ravenous birds, the only scavengers of

the busy streets of Paris and London.

In France the people were allowed to throw out of their windows into the streets, filth of the most offensive nature on calling out three times, "Gare Peau!" The principal streets of Paris were not paved until the latter part of the twelfth century, and those of London not until a ranch later period. Hoiborn, the great artery of modern Babylon, through which pours in thick succession one loud, busy, rattling stream of life and commerce, was not paved till the commencement of the fifteenth century. Some of the minor streets were scarcely passable. Narrow lanes with hedges, broken only here and there by a straggling house, were the primitive Wood streets, Gray's Inn lanes, and Aldgate streets, of modern times; some would venture to traverse them in the day, but few would risk such perilous thoroughfares at night. Some of the streets were so bad in the prosperous days of King Henry VIII., that they are described as "very foul, and full of pits and sloughs; very perilous as well for all the king's subjects on horseback as on foot." Along such dangerous paths the traveller at night had to grope his way about town in total darkness, except he was near enough to be guided by the lanterns on the steeple of Bow Church, which served as the only landmark to the bewildered strangers.—

### Lights and Shadows of the Olden Times.

#### NAPOLEON'S COAT OF MAIL.

Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium (before the battle of Waterloo), he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that, if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named eighteen thousand francs (seven hundred and twenty pounds sterling) as the price for it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan was honored with a second audience of the emperor.

"Now," said his imperial majesty, "put it on." The man did so.

"As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same!"

And he took a brace of pistols and prepared to discharge one at the breast of the astonished artist. There was no retreating, however, and, half dead with fear, he stood the fire; and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him with similar effect.

"Well," said the emperor, "you have produced a capital work undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?"

"Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum."

"There is an order for them," said the emperor, "and there is another for an equal sum, for the fright I have given you."—

Before and after Waterloo.-

#### THE LADIES' HORSE.

The bridle of a lady's horse should be a single rein—never a snaffle to be pulled upon—requiring the strength of a thread only to guide and direct the animal, and drawn only when the horse is required to be stopped, at all other times to be kept slightly in hand, or be permitted to lie gently on the arched neck of the beautiful creature, permitting him to look abroad upon things and see the road that he is travelling; starting with a bound into a graceful canter at the slightest motion of the rein, or a natural trot at the leaning forward of the rider, without the use of whip or incentive. On such a horse the female figure is properly developed, and its beautiful proportion brought into action, with no longer the fear that the whole machine—horse, rider and all— would fall to pieces were



the screws that held it together to become loosened! The pacea of the lady's horse should be long, rather than short, that the rider may bend gracefully forward, and not be jerked backward at every step in the most vulgar manner imaginable. A lady equestrian must never appear in a hurry; it is unbecoming and ungenteel, and shows plebeian blood; and many instances are on record, showing that a horse knows a gentleman or lady at sight, as well as most of us. An English lady of rank and wealth, now in Egypt, writes as follows:—

"I fear you may deem me rather boastful of my horsemanship, when I tell you that two Arab horses that threw their cavaliers did not throw me. The cause, however, was not in my skill, but in the very remarkable predilection these intelligent animals feel towards the weaker sex. Let the wildest and fiercest Arabian be mounted by a woman, and you will see him suddenly grow mild and gentle as a lamb. I have had plenty of opportunities to make the experiment, and in my own stable there is a beautiful gray Arab, which nobody but myself dare ride. He knows me, anticipates my wishes and judiciously calculates the degree of fatigue I can bear without inconvenience. It is curious to see how he manages to quicken his pace without shaking me, and the different sort of steps he has invented to remedy contradictory purposes. Horses being as liable to forgetfulness as other organized beings, my incomparable gray would allow his natural ambition to overcome his gallantry, and if another horse threatened to pass him, he would start off with the speed of a whirlwind. Woe to me if under such circumstances, I were to use the strength of my arm, or the power of the bridle! I knew the gallant charger better. Leaving my hand loose, and abandoning all thoughts of compulsion, I would take in persuasion; pat him on the neck; call him by his name; beg him to be quiet, and deserve the piece of sugar waiting for him at home. Never did these gentle means fail. Instantly would he slacken his pace, prick up his ears as if fully comprehending his error, and come back to a soft amble, gently neighing as if to crave pardon for his offence."

#### RESPECT TO THE SEX.

It should be the boast of every man that he had never put modesty to the blush,

nor encouraged immodesty to remove her mask. But we fear there is far too little chivalry in the present day. If young men do not chuck their partners under the chin, they are often guilty of pressing their hands when the dance affords an opportunity. There is a calm dignity with which to show that the offence has been noticed, but if a lady condescends to reprove it in words, she forces the culprit to defend himself, and often ends in making the breach worse. On the other hand, let a woman once overlook the slightest familiarity, and fail to show her surprise in her manner, and she can never be certain that it will not be repeated.—

Habits of Good Society.

#### THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.

Never be bled! He who loses a pint of blood, loses a pint of his life. Of what is the body composed? Is it not of blood, and blood only? What fills up the excavation of an ulcer or an abscess? What reproduces the bone of the leg or thigh, after it has been thrown off dead, in nearly all its length—what but the living blood, under the vito electrical influence of the brain and nerves? How does the slaughtered animal die? Of loss of blood solely. Is not the blood, then, in the impressive language of Scripture, "the life of the flesh? How remarkable, that while the value of the blood to the animal economy should be thus so distinctly and emphatically acknowledged, bloodletting is not even once alluded to, among the various modes of cure mentioned in the sacred volume. We have "balms," "balsams," "baths," "charms," "physics,"—"poultices," even—but loss of blood, never! Had it been practised by the Jews, why this omission? Will the men who now so lavishly pour out the blood, dispute its importance in the animal economy? Will they deny that it forms the basis of the solids, that when the body has been wasted by long disease, it is by the blood only it can recover its healthy volume and appearance?—

Dr. Dickson's Lectures.

#### A CANINE ANECDOTE.

A gentleman connected with a Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which—owing to some change in wind or weather—had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than to diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no! he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning.

"Give him the end of a rope," he said, "that is what he wants."

The rope was thrown, the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore; where a few minutes afterwards boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—were placed safe and undamaged. Was there reasoning here? No acting with a view to an end or for a given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary instinct?—

Rev. C. J. Atkinson in "The Zoologist."

## A GHOST STORY.

One day lately an old lady, at Southwick, paid a visit to her nephew, whom she had not seen for a long time. He of course was extremely glad to see her, and insisted on her stopping all night. The house consisted of a front and back kitchen upon the ground floor, with a corresponding number of rooms above.

The nephew and his family slept above, and to accommodate his aunt, who had been used to sleep where there was a fire, the old lady slept downstairs. A pony occupied the back kitchen as a stable, from which there was communication by a door. The old lady having made up the fire and performed her devotions, lay down to rest. Just as she was about to fall asleep, the fire then burning very dull, she was startled by a terrible apparition, which stalked across the floor, very slowly, towards the fire. Not being able to see distinctly, her agitation may be better imagined than described. Terror completely paralyzed her, and, as she described afterwards, she had not power to, speak. The ghost, however, feeling the fire very comfortable, lay down before it, but in doing so, his hind parts came in contact with the bedstead. The sudden shock caused the old lady to find her tongue, when she cried out:

"O, Lord, have mercy on me! have mercy on me!" which she continued to repeat so loud, that her nephew heard her upstairs, when he came down and discovered that the terrible ghost was none other than the poor old Dobbin, who, being cold in his stable, had forced open the door, and laid himself down near the fire in the old lady's bedroom.—

Shields Gazette.

#### DAYLIGHT SLEEP.

What most impressed me at midnight, in midsummer, was, not so much the fact of the sun shining, as that the line between morning and evening was just as clearly defined as if the sun had really gone below the horizon. At a quarter before midnight, you can see it, and yet at a quarter past it was morning, and what you had said or done only a quarter of an hour before, belonged to yesterday just as much as if night had intervened. You can read all night long. You do nothing in a hurry; you are never belated; and something of the burden and pressure of life seems at last to be lifted quite off your shoulders. But after a few days you would be glad of an excuse to stop seeing, thinking, and even enjoying. There is no refreshing sleep; you lie down to rest in broad day. Every time you open your eyes, you think you are to get up. You are never asleep, but

always tired, I never felt a more delightful sense of relief than when, after months of daylight, blessed old night came back again, and covered me up to sleep, as a mother covers up her restless child.—

Taylor.

#### DUTCH VESSELS AT AMSTERDAM.



The engraving herewith presented, not only conveys a good idea of Dutch naval architecture, in the representation of the tub-built and clumsy vessels which they still build, but a pleasant notion of the quaint old city of Amsterdam, with its gable-ended houses, its pointed roofs, and little, antiquated windows.

Though the Dutch still build some fine vessels, yet they are, generally, behind the age in naval architecture, and instead of originating models, seek them from other countries. We have seen some of their barques, built after American models, which could hardly be distinguished from Yankees. Yet the Dutch at one time bade fair to be the masters of the sea. They pushed their adventurous voyages to the remotest quarters of the globe, and in the 17th century, their ships of war were a terror even to England. Every one remembers how boldly Admiral Van Tromp spread his canvass in the British Channel with a broom at his masthead, thereby delicately intimating his intention of sweeping the British from the face of the ocean.

#### OAKLAND FEMALE INSTITUTE.

The engraving on the next page is from a drawing made for us on the spot, and represents the Oakland Female Institute, located on the border of the borough of Norristown, Pa. The building, as will be seen by our illustration, is an elegant structure, while its position is an admirable one, on an eminence which commands, on the one hand, a full view of the town and its environs, and on the other, a beautiful expanse of rural country. The landscape embraces a wide extent of cultivated fields, interspersed with numerous villages, and is watered by the Schuylkill.

"Better to be alone than in bad company." True; but, unfortunately, many persons are never in so bad company as when they are alone.

#### A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN

"Do you see this lock of hair" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it?"

It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child, long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair, and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because

it speaks to me more of God, and of his special care, than anything else I possess. I was a little child of four years old, with long, curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms. That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his deathbed."—

An old Man's Story.

## INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

It is well known that even light, gay airs, when well sung, often impart a tinge of melancholy, as if to remind us that human pleasure, however exquisite in itself, must be blended with pain. We experience similar sensations in examining any truly great work of art, let its subject be what it may, for the simple reason that there is nothing which makes us think deeply which does not make us more or less sad; for melancholy, however much it be decried by the thoughtless, is ever



the companion of delight. But need we say that music soothes while it saddens? Even when it reminds us of happy days gone by never to return, and of beloved friends never again to be met with on earth, it has its healing balm.—

National Quarterly Review.

#### THE OCEAN CEMETERY.

The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the rich and poor, but in the ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump, when the sea will give up its dead. I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, after his brief but brilliant career, perished in the President—over the laughter-loving Power, who went down in the same ill-fated vessel we may have passed. In this cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher; but where he and thousands of others of the noble spirits of the earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered, or where the lover of the good or wise can go and shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the "middle passage?" Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of Jehovah. Never can I forget my days and nights, as I passed over the noblest of cemeteries without a monument.

Giles.

#### DESIRE FOR WEALTH.

Of all the passions that stimulate man to exertion, that of acquiring wealth is the most absolute and absorbing. It is a desire universally implanted in the human



soul; it is the governing principle, the controlling force which changes the physical feature of the earth, exposes the mental, moral and social condition of civilized nations, and in a great measure changes the destinies of mankind. That vital force whose activity results in the grandest achievements of enterprise and industry—which levels mountains and fills up valleys, turns the course of rivers, builds cities, traverses continents and oceans, and exchanges the products of the more remote regions, derives its power, and receives its first impulse from the desire to accumulate wealth; to hold the talismanic sign before which the nations of the earth bow down. The child does not value money until he begins to learn that it procures toys and luxuries for him, and as he grows older he comprehends and appreciates the overmastering desire for gain, and joins the universal scramble after the world's idol.

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God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

#### JAPANESE TASTE FOR JEWELRY.

The two ladies wore on their heads hairpins made of horn or of silver, with other pretty ornaments and an artificial flower. One of the younger women was the married daughter of an elderly lady present, and carried her infant in her arms. It has been generally asserted that Japanese women do not value precious stones, jewelry, or trinkets. This young woman, however, wore such ornaments as her pecuniary means afforded, having a silver-washed ring set with a large black bead of native workmanship on the fourth finger of her left hand, and a similar ring set with a star of seven imitation rubies, of Dutch manufacture, on the fourth finger of her right hand.

Although it is true that Japanese ladies are not generally decorated with jewels and gold ornaments, yet not a few of the middle class of Japanese women wear metal rings, placing great value on a steel purse ring given by a foreigner, and showing great eagerness to possess a bright gilt button. Even a sixpence or a francpiece is sometimes set in a native ring, and prized by the ladies of

Nagasaki.—

Ten Weeks in Japan.

THE MOVING MOSS.

A correspondent, writing from Slamannan, says:—

" The entire mass of moss, some of the pieces of which will weigh a couple of hundred weight, is still moving, having now taken an easterly course in the direction of Limeridge, covering up a large portion of the branch railway, plant and all; also a freestone quarry that was being wrought is entirely filled up, the depth of which will be about thirty feet, besides trees, hedges, and the crops that are lying on the low grounds. It has, by this time, covered over an area of a quarter of a mile or more, and is at present leading its course through a burn, and no saying but it may come and inundate a number of dwelling-houses alongside of the same. This somewhat frightful phenomenon is one of the strangest sights that ever happened in this part of her majesty's dominions, and consequently attracts crowds of old and young people from far and near to witness it.—

Scottish Guardian.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bedtime and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanzas they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water; and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home,

that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and lighten the links that bind together these humble dwellers by the sea! Truly it is among the lowly in this life that we find some of the most beautiful customs in practice.—

Tourist's Journal.

Chinese Etiquette.

Of the Chinese emperor every one, even those of his own chamber, stand in the greatest imaginable awe, and on no pretext does any one address him, save with the use of his grand and glorious titles. It is the etiquette in the Chinese court for the emperor's physician to apply the same titles to his diseases as to himself—and accordingly they talk of "His High and Mighty Stomachache," "His Imperial and Godlike Dyspepsia," and "His Eternal and Never-Ending Diphtheria."

HOME ATTRACTIONS.

Heaven's blessings on the one who invents a mode by which children may be kept at home, over which the allurements of the outside world can avail nothing. He is a benefactor to the race. As much as is sung and played, home is not always "sweet home" to the degree that it is described. There are austerities, and asperities, and interdictions, and conventionalisms, that render it unattractive; and besides, there is a familiarity with its scenes that does not suit the spirit that is never satisfied but with change. Depend upon it, where there are harsh words for outraged "propriety," as displayed in boisterous mirth, and cold formality is installed at home, there will be a drawing away from it, and a continual search for excuses to evade its claims.

It might be a question if homes thus constituted have any claims upon living, human hearts. I feel glad when I see any new device advertised to make home what it should be—a place of happy abandonment of care, a place wherein the soul can act itself in the light of innocent cheerfulness. The man who published a book of Parlor Games, has been of more benefit than many sermonizers. No good is lessened by its teachings, no frivolity is inaugurated. It opens up a new

avenue to happiness. It is the new emotion that the monarch longed for. Enlightened parents understand the necessity of enlisting all attractions; and in those homes where they practise in this light, there is no discontent, no discordance, and every one is happy.

There is a gentleman in town who has a large family that has always acted on this plan of home amusement. Instead of setting up as the father of his boys, he abandoned that idea at their twelfth birthday, and became their companion—playing with his boys and dancing and singing with his girls, till his severe neighbors, who belonged to the rigid church, questioned his sanity. But the severe neighbors cannot show such children as his. They are always at home, always happy, always contented. The rigid neighbors complain of noise that they hear at times, but it is not the noise of strife. It is of many voices, full of home harmony.—House and Garden.

#### A DINNER PARTY.

The excellence of a dinner is not to be determined by its price. Ten years ago an illustrious party dined at Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, at a far lower cost, and after a far more exquisite fashion, than if they had joined the epicureans of the Clarendon, at five pounds per head. The party consisted of Lord Brougham and Dufferin, the Honorable W. Stuart, two other "Britishers," and Count D'Orsay and M. Alexandre Dumas. The dinner on this occasion was a *recherché* affair. It had been as anxiously meditated upon as an epic poem; and it was a far pleasanter thing. "The most successful dishes," says the author of 'The Art of Dining,' were the *bisques*, the *fritures à l'Italienne*, and the *gigot à la Bretagne*. Out of compliment to the world-wide fame of Lord Brougham and Alexandre Dumas, M. Philippe produced some *Clos de Vougeot*, which (like his namesake in "High Life Below Stairs,") he vowed should never go down the throat of a man whom he did not esteem and admire; and it was voted first rate by acclamation.—*Table Traits*.

#### THE BROKER AND HIS CLERK.

Many a man who has become a hardened criminal might have been saved to society by a little tender sympathy and discriminate kindness in the beginning of his viciousness. Few men have the grace to act like the broker in the following incident, but success would often follow such kindness. It is easy to ruin, and it is easy to save a young man:

One of the leading brokers of New York had a young man in his employ. The vast amount of money in his hands was a great temptation to him. Small sums of money were missed day after day; a quarter once, then fifty cents, then one dollar, then two dollars were missed. He was charged with the peculation. The broker showed him how he could detect the abstraction of the smallest sum of money; the young man stammered and confessed.

"Now," said the broker, "I shall not discharge, I shall not dishonor you. I intend to keep and make a man of you. You will be a vagabond if you go along in this way. Now let me see no more of this."

He went to his work. He did not disappoint the confidence. He did honor to his employer. And the other day he was inducted into one of the city banks in an honorable position, and his employer became his bondsman to the amount of \$10,000. Had he conducted the way some would have done—sent the boy away, proclaimed his dishonor—perhaps he would have ended his days in the State prison, and have been sent to his tomb in the garb of a convict. But a young man was rescued from ruin who had been placed amidst the temptations of money, and for a moment was overcome.—

Tribune.

#### A WORD TO YOUNG LADIES.

We believe that a young lady, by her constant, consistent Christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the respect, the almost worship,

which young men, no matter how wicked and depraved they may be themselves, pay to a consistent Christian lady, be she young or old. A gentleman once said of a lady who boarded in the same house with him, that her life was a constant proof of the Christian religion. Often the simple request of a young lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it. —

Ladies' Companion.

You may speak out more plainly to your associates, but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

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After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth is still the perfection.—

Shaftesbury.

LIFE EVERY WHERE.

Life everywhere! The air is crowded with birds —beautiful, tender, intelligent birds, to whom life is a song and a thrilling anxiety—the anxiety of love. The air is swarming with insects—those little animated miracles. The waters are peopled with innumerable forms—from the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them would not weigh a grain, to the whale, so large that it seems an island as it sleeps upon the waves. The bed of the sea is alive with polypi, carps, star-fishes, and with shell animalcules. The rugged face of the rock is scarred by the silent boring of soft creatures, and blackened with countless mussels, barnacles and limpets. Life everywhere! on the earth, in the earth, crawling, creeping, burrowing, boring, leaping, running.

If the sequestered coolness of the wood tempt us to saunter into its checkered shade, we are sainted by the numerous din of insects, the twitter of birds, the scrambling of squirrels, the startled rush of unseen beasts, all telling how populous is this seeming solitude. If we pause before a tree, or shrub, or plant, our cursory and half-abstracted glance detects a colony of various inhabitants. We pluck a flower, and in its bosom we see many a charming insect busy in its appointed labor. We pick a fallen leaf, and if nothing is visible on it, there is probably the trace of an insect larva hidden in its tissues, and awaiting its development. The drop of dew upon this leaf will probably contain its animals, under the microscope. The same microscope reveals that the blood-rain suddenly appearing on bread, and awakening superstitious terrors, is nothing but a collection of minute animals, and that the vast tracts of snow which are reddened in a single night, owe their color to the marvellous rapidity in reproduction of a minute plant. The very mold which covers our cheese, our bread, our jam, or our ink, and disfigures our damp walls, is nothing but a collection of plants. The many-colored fire which sparkles on the surface of a summer sea at night, as the vessel plows her way, or which drips from the oars in lines of jewelled light, is produced by millions of minute animals.—

Cornhill Magazine.

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BED.

A wardrobe warrant dated 1581, orders the delivery for the queen's use of a bedstead of walnut tree, richly carved, painted, and gilt. The selour, testor and vallance were of cloth of silver, figured with velvet, lined with changeable taffeta, and deeply fringed with Venice gold, silver and silk. The curtains were of costly tapestry, curiously and elaborately worked; every seam and every border laid with gold and silver lace, caught up with long loops and buttons of bullion. The head-piece was of crimson satin of Bruges, edged with a passamayne of crimson silk, and decorated with six ample plumes, containing seven dozen ostrich feathers, of various colors, garnished with golden spangles. The counterpoint was of orange-colored satin, quilted with cutwork of cloths of gold

and silver, of satins of every imaginable tint, and embroidered with Venice gold, silver spangles and colored silks, fringed to correspond, and lined with orange sarcenet. A royal patchwork indeed!—

Our English Home.

#### INTERCOURSE AT THE TABLE.

To meet at the breakfast-table father, mother, children, all well, ought to be a happiness to any heart; it should be a source of humble gratitude, and should wake up the warmest feelings of our nature. Shame upon the contemptible and low-bred cur, whether parent or child, that can ever come to the breakfast-table, where the family have met in health, only to frown, and whine, and growl, and fret! It is *prima facie* evidence of a mean and grovelling, and selfish, and degraded nature, whencesoever the churl may have sprung. Nor is it less reprehensible to make such exhibitions at the tea-table; for before the morning comes some of the circle may be stricken with some deadly disease, to gather round that table not again forever. Children in good health, if left to themselves at the table, become, garrulous and noisy, but if within all reasonable or bearable bounds it is better to let them alone; they eat less, because they do not eat so rapidly as if compelled to keep silent, while the very exhilaration of spirits quickens the circulation of the vital fluids, and energizes digestion and assimilation.

The extremes of society curiously meet in this regard. The tables of the rich and the nobles of England are models of mirth, wit and bonhommie; it takes hours to get through a repast, and they live long. If anybody will look in upon the negroes of a well-to-do-family in Kentucky while at their meals, they cannot but be impressed with the perfect abandon of jabber, cachinnation and mirth; it seems as if they could talk all day, and they live long. It follows, then, that at the family table all should meet, and do it habitually, to make a common interchange of high-bred courtesies, of warm affections, of cheering mirthfulness, and that generosity of nature which lifts us above the brutes which perish, promotive as these things are of good digestion, high health and long life.—



Hall's Journal of Health.

#### THE MARVELS OF CHEMISTRY.

These are among the wonders of modern times, threatening to alter the course of commerce and to reverse the tide of human industry. She has discovered, it is said, a substitute for the cochineal insect in a beautiful dye producible from guano. She has shown that a supply of animal food may be obtained cheaper, by simply boiling down the juices of the flesh of cattle now wasted and thrown aside in some regions, and imparting the extract in a state of concentration. And she has pointed out that one of the earths which constitute the principal material of our globe contains a metal, as light as glass, as malleable and ductile as copper, and as little liable to rust as silver; thus possessing properties so valuable that when means have been found of separating it economically from its ore, it will be capable of superseding the metals in common use, and thus of rendering metallurgy an employment, not of certain districts only, but of every part of the earth to which science and civilization have penetrated. And these are but fragments in the history of chemical science.—

Scientific American.

Indulge anger through the day if you must, but never take it for a bedfellow.

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#### MARRIAGE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The following extract from the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1750, may not be uninteresting to our readers:—

"Married, in June, 1750, Mr. William Doukin, a considerable farmer, of Great Tosson (near Rothbury), in the county of Northumberland, to Miss Eleanor Shotton, an agreeable young gentlewoman, of the same place. The

entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being provided no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 44 quarters of veal, 20 quarters of mutton, a great quantity of beef, 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens, etc., which was concluded with eight half ankers of brandy, made into punch, 12 dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and 50 bushels of malt, made into beer. The company consisted of 559 ladies and gentlemen, who were diverted with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was concluded with the utmost order and unanimity."

#### THE KANOPIAN AND THE KNIGHT.

Commodore Billings, in his account of his expedition to the northern coasts of Russia, says that when he and Mr. Main were on the River Kobima, they were attended by a young man from Kanopa, an island between Kamtschatka and North America.

One day Mr. Main asked him, "What will the savages do to me if I fall into their power?" "Sir," said the youth, "you will never fall into their power if I remain with you. I always carry a sharp knife, and if I see you pursued and unable to escape, I will plunge my knife into your heart: then the savages can do nothing more to you."

These recall the words of the French knight reported by Joinville:

"Swear to me," said Queen Margaret, "that if the Saracens become masters of Damietta, you will cut off my head before they can take me."

"Willingly," replied the knight; "I had already thought of doing so if the contingency arrived."

#### NATURAL BAROMETER.

The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with

disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce, it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for about twenty-four hours, and they are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to settled fair. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of his web very long. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to be settled fair when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist. —

Scientific American.

Some people are so obtuse that one would hardly think that they could have an acute disease.

MARVELS OF MAN.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence on the soft and delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor has it any upon the living hand; but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land; in the valley and on the mountain top. There is dust always and everywhere. It penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the

deepest, darkest caves on earth; no palace door can shut it out, no drawer so "secret" as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, and yet that eye is not blinded; because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads itself over the surface of the ball at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acidity, which under certain circumstances becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactories, which spread over their surfaces a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eye-ball washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to re-breathe it unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the lips, would cause immediate death by suffocation; which, if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than common air, that the instant it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher regions, above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated, and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends, is beautifully exhibited any frosty morning. But fool and deadly as the expired air is, Nature, wise and economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organs of voice, and makes of it the whispers of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.—

Scientific American.

#### WHIRLPOOL OFF NORWAY.

The maelstrom on the coast of Norway, whatever may be said to the contrary, is an actual existence, and is often dangerous. Vast whirls are formed by the setting in and out of the tides between Lofoden and Morken, quiet at high and low tides, but most violent midway between. Small vessels are not safe near it at

the time of its strongest action, even though the weather be clear and serene; and though large vessels may then pass it in safety, yet in stormy weather it is extremely dangerous even for them, for at such times gales from the sea and the land breezes sometimes force two mighty opposing currents into collision. The whirls do not swallow up a vessel, but toss it about till it fills, or is dashed upon the shoals, a wreck.—

Cressley's Wonders of Nature.

## DO THE RIGHT THING.

Whenever you are in doubt which of two things to do, let your decision be for that which is right. Do not waver, do not parley; but square up to the mark, and do the right thing. Boy! when you divide that apple with your little sister, be careful not to keep the largest half for yourself. Young man! don't sneak out of the basement-door because you wish to escape your father's eyes. Maiden! let not the most trifling deceit pass current in those little acts which make the sum of your life. No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure yourself, is to do the right thing. You may not always hit the mark; but you should, nevertheless, always aim at it, and with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action, still, always, and in all cases, do the right thing. Your first lessons in this will grow easier, until finally doing the right thing will become a habit, and to do a wrong will seem an absolute impossibility. —

Christian Watchman.

## COTTON AND FLAX.

The Merchants' Magazine for October opens with an article on "Sea and Upland Cotton vs. Flax and Hemp," which treats of things that are of no light interest to Americans and to others. The writer of the article thinks that flax is again to

occupy an important place in the productions of this country, and that it may equal, if not exceed in value, our cotton product. "By the simple application of steam," he says, "at a pressure of some two hundred pounds to the square inch, the gummy or resinous matter is separated, and afterward removed from the fibre of the plant, together with the woody substance, and a product as soft and delicate as cotton is the result, better adapted than it to a vast variety of uses. The invention is calculated to work a revolution in flax as great, if not greater, than has been effected by the cotton-gin in cotton, and eventually to clothe the world in linen, clean and white, for there is no limit to the production of the plant in almost any part of the world."

#### THE MISERIES OF DISCONTENT.

I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbor's was. And I knew another who had been given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church, which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbor, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits—for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of her first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into the grave—and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy.

I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another. And being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find contentment in some

one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find contentment in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for contentment will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul."—

Izaak Walton.

Thousands are hated, whilst none are ever loved, without a real cause. The amiable alone can be loved. In most situations of life the consciousness of innocence is our best shield and our firmest security.

#### AN AUSTRALIAN MARRIAGE.

In bygone years, before the gold-fields were overrun by the rush of emigrants, and when gold-holes were as plentiful as blackberries, a party of two or three men, having worked out a good claim, which had yielded, say five hundred pounds a man, would forward their gold to the treasury at Melbourne by escort, and follow after themselves for a colonial spree. An expensive hotel would be chosen, behind the bar of which there being a pretty girl, the most susceptible of the bachelors was sure to be caught and married within a day or two. Half a dozen massive gold rings, as many silk and satin dresses, bonnet and shawls, being procured to complete the bride's trousseau, the newly-married couple would enjoy abundance of peace as long as the money lasted—about a fortnight; when the bridegroom would return to the diggings, and the bride back again to service, where she might be seen early some fine morning, dressed in satin, polishing the grates.

In illustration of this spirit of wholesale prodigality, I heard an amusing story of a party of miners who were dining at a first-class hotel in Melbourne. After dinner, champagne and claret were introduced; the former was voted no better than ginger beer, and the latter declared to be execrable stuff. A bright thought, however, rescued the party from the difficulty, and they immediately ordered a pint of rum each, directing the waiter to "charge it the same as the swells' wine."—

London News.

#### THE CYPRESS TREE.

It was formerly a custom among the Syrians to bury their dead without the walls of their cities; and at the hour when the body of the deceased was lowered into its last solemn resting-place, a cypress tree was planted at the head of the grave by the nearest relative of the deceased, and he conceived it to be his duty ever after to furnish it a copious supply of pure water and rich soil. The tree was visited weekly by the one who planted it, and often by the whole family, who there performed their religious rites. Thus it is that the cypress trees in that country are so numerous and grow to such an enormous size—some of them being 120 feet in height. As their dark and sombre foliage overshadows the tombs of the departed, they furnish a welcome resting-place for the wearied traveller, and present a pleasing contrast to the otherwise bright and joyous scenery of the Holy Land.—

Trawls in the Eatt.

#### PERIOD WHEN COAL WAS FORMED.

Of the lapse of time in the formation of our coal fields we cannot have the faintest conception; it is only measured by Him with whom a thousand years are as one day. But the magnitude of the time is not surpassed by the boundlessness of the providential care which laid up these terresttial treasures in store for his children, whom He was afterwards to call into being. Let me, therefore, dismiss this profitless subject with one illustration. Mr. Maclaren, by a happy train of reasoning, for which I refer the reader to his "Geology of Fife," arrives at the conclusion that it would require a thousand years to form a bed of coal one yard thick. Now, in the South Wales coal-field, there is a thickness of coal more than thirty yards, which would have required a period of thirty thousand years in its formation. If we, now, assume that the fifteen thousand feet of sedimentary materials was deposited at the average rate of two feet in a century, corresponding to the rate of subsidence, it would have required three million



eight hundred and seven years to produce this coalfield.— Huli's Coal Fields of Great Britain.

#### STRENGTH OF THE TIGER.

The strength of the tiger is prodigious. By a single cuff of his great forepaw he will break the skull of an ox as easily as you or I could smash a gooseberry, and then taking his prey by the neck, will straighten his muscles and march off at a half-trot with only the hoof and tail of the animal trailing on the ground. An eminent traveller relates that a buffalo belonging to a peasant in India having got helplessly fixed in a swamp, its owner went to seek assistance of his neighbors to drag it out. While he was gone, however, a tiger visited the spot, and unceremoniously slew and drew the buffalo out of the mire, and had just got it comfortably over his shoulders, preparatory to trotting home, when the herdsman and his friends approached. The buffalo, which weighed more than a thousand pounds, had its skull fractured, and its body nearly emptied of blood.—

#### Wild Sports of the World.

#### ARMIES.—

Gen. McClellan, in his book reviewing the Crimean war, makes the remark that an army of 15,000 or 20,000 men may easily be crushed by the unremitting attacks of superior numbers; but when it comes to an army of 100,000 disciplined men, no overwhelming masses can avail against them without military science and discipline, because the greater the multitude brought against them the more surely it works its own destruction, as such number cannot be handled without discipline and instruction, and are in their own way.

#### A WARM BATH WAGER.

Smith was a man who never permitted himself to be outdone—he could do whatever anybody else could. Smith met Brown in a bathroom, and Brown

knowing the other's conceit, said that he (Brown) could endure a hotter bath than any living man. Thereat Smith fired up, and a bet was made. Two bathing-tubs were prepared, with six inches of water in each. The fellows stripped, and, separated by a cloth partition, each one got in and let on the hot water at the word—the wager being who should stay in the longest with the hot water running. Smith drew up his feet as far as possible from the boiling stream, while Brown pulled out the plug in the bottom of the tub. After about half a minute, quoth Smith,

"How is it, Brown—pretty warm?"

"Yes," said the other, "it's getting mighty hot; but I guess I can hold out a minute longer."

"So can I," answered Smith. "Scis-s! squash! lightning! it's awful!"

Fifteen seconds passed, equal to half an hour by Smith's imaginary watch.

"I say, over there, how is it now?"

"O, it's nearly up to the hilin' pint. O, Christopher!" answered the diabolical villain, who was lying in the empty tub, while the hot water passed out of the escape pipe.

By this time Smith was splurging about like a boiled lobster, and called again,

"I s-a-y, over there, how is it now?"

"Hot," replied Brown. "But—whew! scis-s! guess I can hold out another minute!"

"You can!" shrieked the now boiling Smith, who rolled out and bolted through the partition, expecting to find the other quite cooked. "You infernal rascal! why didn't you put the plug in?" "Why, I didn't agree to," said the imperturbable joker. "Why in thunder didn't you leave yours out?"—

Home Journal.

BIG WORDS AND SMALL IDEAS.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are often employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half-educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common but egregious mistake to suppose that long words are more genteel than short ones, just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the styles of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire" They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed." And instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood and affectation delight in what Horace calls verba sesquipedalia—words a "foot and a half long."—

Home Journal,

Man and wife, like verb and nominative, should always agree.

## CURIOUS MATTERS.

An accommodating Superstition.

A habit exists among the Esquimaux of placing on the graves of the dead the hunting implements used by them while living, which are held sacred and never molested. One of the officers of the "United States" informs us that on their recent voyage to the Arctic regions they were anxious to obtain as specimens some implements lying on the grave of an Esquimaux who had been a celebrated hunter. They would not take them, of course, without consent of the friends of the deceased, and failed in their endeavor to purchase them. In this

dilemma, however, they were informed that the Great Spirit would be propitiated by the substitution of some knives on the grave. Knives amounting amply to a quid pro quo were accordingly placed on the grave, and the hunting implements removed; but, singular to state, the natives, who considered it sacrilege to take the hunter's relics, appropriated the knives one by one till all had disappeared.

#### An olden Snowstorm.

One of the oldest residents of Exeter, N. H., informs the News Letter that fifty-eight years ago, Oct. 17, he was at Gilmanton, where occurred one of the most severe storms on record. The snow drifts were in many places four feet high; hundreds of trees were broken down, and in one pasture twenty cattle were found dead. In passing the fields, the ripe corn could be seen on the stalk just above the snow drift, and the apple trees pretty well loaded with apples. Truly, a curious sight for October.

#### An ingenious Business.

The Lewiston Journal says that a boy in that place has a dog who does a large business in picking up drift wood in the river. He stations himself on his lookout—a high rock—watches his game, seizes it and brings it ashore. Thus he spends hour after hour, "on his own hook," serving his master's pocket, and taking, to all appearance, an intelligent delight in making himself useful.

#### O, my Eye!

A woman in Chicago has just recovered the heavy verdict of ten thousand dollars against a physician of that city who promised to cure her defective eyesight, but destroyed the eye instead. The defence was that she desired to have her eye put out, in order to insert an artificial one, but the jury did not admit the plea.

#### Large City.

The city of Calais, Me., is the biggest city in the country, according to the number of inhabitants. It comprises 20,000 acres of land, and has about five thousand population, giving each person four acres. One ward is devoted to the raising of deer or the corporation dinners.

#### Ancient Enigma.

The ancients fabled a monster whom they named the Sphinx, and whom they described as having the head and breasts of a woman, the body of a dog, the tail of a serpent, the wings of a bird, the paws of a lion, and a human voice. This monster, it was said, was sent into the neighborhood of Thebes by Juno, who wished to punish the family of Cadmus. It was further stated, that he laid this part of Boeotia under continual alarms, by *proposing enigmas*, and devouring the inhabitants, if unable to explain them. Also, that as the calamity of this monster was become an object of public concern, and as the successful explanation of an enigma would end in the death of the Sphinx, Creon promised his crown and Jocasta to him who succeeded in the attempt. The enigma proposed was this:—

"What animal in the morning walks on four feet, at noon on two, and in the evening on three?" OEdipus solved the enigma—on which the monster dashed his head against a rock, and perished. Answer—Man. In the *morning*, or days of infancy, he crawls or walks on all-fours; at noon, or in the days of youth and middle age, he uses two feet only; in the evening, or in his old age, he requires the support of a staff, so that he may be said to walk upon three feet.

#### A Veteran.

Mr. Foster Webster died recently in Webster, Maine, aged 99 years. In early life he accompanied his father, who was a captain in the Continental army, and was with him during the whole of the Revolutionary struggle. At the memorable battle of Saratoga, when Burgoyne surrendered his forces, he and his father were present, and bore a conspicuous part in that campaign.

### A tough One.

George Bromley, of Preston, Ct., while sitting on the railroad track, a few days since, was struck by a passing train, and pitched into the bushes. Upon the train backing up to ascertain his injuries, he came forward and told the conductor, that if he had damaged the engine any he was ready to settle for it, and left for home. That man is decidedly tough.

### Indian Relics.

A number of human bones of large size, and a lot of relics, supposed to be of Indian origin, were lately excavated by some workmen on the railroad near Lansingburgh, New York. A similar collection was found near the same place a few years ago —the remains, it is supposed, of some Indian Bull Run.

### A model Town.

The town of Dunbarton, New Hampshire, has within its limits no lawyer, no physician, no store, no tavern, and not a solitary town pauper. There is in successful operation one Baptist, one Methodist, and one Trinitarian Congregational Church.

### A Veteran.

The Independent, of Constantina, Algeria, mentions the death in that town of a dog named Bellona, at the extraordinary age of thirty-four years. The dog formerly belonged to the soldiers of one of the batteries of artillery at the siege of Constantina, and successively accompanied three regiments of the line in their expeditions. It had one of its legs broken by a musket-shot in 1831, during an engagement in Kabylia. It has remained in possession of its last master for eleven years. It may be as well to state that the age of twenty is considered about the extreme limit of a dog's existence.

Homer, it may be remembered, represents Argus, the faithful dog of Ulysses, which dies of joy at again beholding his master, as having arrived at that age.

A brave Sailor.

In the rigging of the impromptu steering-gear of the Great Eastern an act of great bravery occurred. A seaman descended by a rope from the stern of the ship, with a knife in his mouth, to cut through some entanglement which had arisen. It was a task of no common risk, for with every roll of the ship, and every dash of the waves, he was violently submerged. But he persevered, cut through the entanglement, and on being hauled up received from the passengers and captain some well-earned gratuities. The passengers and crew expected every moment the ship would founder.

Romantic,

A romantic marriage recently took place in Vienna between Prince Leopold, of Saxe-Coburg, cousin of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and a Mademoiselle Constance Gieget. The young prince said as he could not have kings at his wedding, he would have the relations of his humbly-born bride. The young lady was attired in a simple dress of brown silk. This is the first instance of a Coburg marrying for love instead of money, and it may be imagined that the rage of the bridegroom's family was excessive.

A singular affectionate Freak.

A little bantam was not long since thrown into the cage of a tiger in the great menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, for the sake of sharpening his appetite for some meat he refused to eat. The little fowl began at once to peck at the untast«d meat, not at all alarmed by the terrible roars of the monster, and then closely examined his claws. He appeared to be pleased with this familiar treatment, and when the keepers took her away, he refused to touch any food till she was put back again.

### A Curiosity.

Some weeks since, while digging on a gravelbank on Colonel Menard's land, near Mackinaw Ill., the workmen excavated a tusk which measured nine feet in length and twenty-three inches in circumference. The tusk was found sixteen feet below the surface, and is as white as chalk.

### Recovery of an ancient Relic.

An old church relic, in the shape of a pewter communion flagon, has lately been discovered in an accidental manner in Hatch's auction rooms, in Boston. From an inscription upon it, it is supposed to have formerly belonged to the Second Church in Dedham. It is inscribed as follows:— "Ex dono Mr. Nathaniel Kingsbury to ye 2d church in Dedham, 1745." So, from the date, it would appear that the flagon is one hundred and sixteen years old. The curious article found its way to the auction room among the stock of a house-furnishing concern, and as it is only valuable as a relic, it has been presented to the Dedham Historical Society.

### A destructive Prize.

A tradesman in Cracow, Poland, won the great prize of two hundred and fifty thousand florins in the Austrian lottery last year, and paid a discount of eleven thousand florins to get immediate possession of his fortune. Instead of bringing him happiness, it was the ruin of his peace. Fearful of being robbed of his treasure, he kept it in an iron chest, locked up in an arched vault, which he visited morning and night to see that it was safe, till at last his anxiety brought on a fever, which soon terminated fatally, parting him forever from his suddenly-acquired wealth.

### Ingenious Invention.

Mr. Godard, of Wilton, in England, has invented an apparatus by which a pencil of the sun's rays is directed upon a sheet of sensitized paper, and, as the sun makes his daily journey, the varying effect of the light on the paper is recorded



by varying depths of shade. It is proposed to have this record kept through the year, and through a series of years, and thus compel the sun to tell us in his own handwriting, whether he preserves or diminishes the fires of his youth, or is fading away in a gradual decline.

#### Remarkable Circumstance.

A curious case happened lately in Taunton, England. The daughter of a tradesman had been ill for some time, and her death was hourly looked for. At length, to all appearance, she died. The body was then laid out. In an hour afterward, to the amazement and joy of her friends, re-animation took place, and the supposed deceased was able to speak; but after the lapse of a few hours the sufferer gradually sunk until death in reality terminated her existence.

#### Curious Experiment.

Try this, some of you—fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it from your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.